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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Half a dozen of Beethoven's Contemporaries.

II. ANTONIO SALIERI.

[Continued from Vol. xxiii. page 202.]

In the year 1768 the pupil began to hear specimens of his compositions performed in public. Gassmann, having charge of the Italian opera, often had slight changes, additions and the like, to make in the music, and these he occasionally entrusted to his pupil, mainly to put a stop to his constant entreaties to be allowed to produce something in public. That the pupil often composed texts, already set by his master, for the purpose of self-improvement—as the boy Benjamin Franklin re-wrote Steele's and Addison's Spectators—Gassmann did not know.

One of his tricks at that time which ended happily, is a good indication of his character, and, when an old fellow, he evidently heartily enjoyed the memory of the success of the young one.

They had an old spinnet in the theatre, which was moved from the orchestra to the rehearsal room and back, as it was needed in rehearsal or at performance, and was so superannuated as not to remain in tune even for a single evening. The singers complained, too, that they could not hear the accompaniment; and Salieri found it alike useless to play in the higher or lower octaves; here a string snapped, there one gave way; here some of the quills, which snapped the strings, were lacking, there they remained sticking above the strings—in short, the old thing already nearly useless, grew worse every day, and the manager was too miserly to buy a new one.

One morning after a rehearsal at which Salieri's martyrdom had been almost intolerable, he was obliged to wait for a copyist to make certain corrections in the parts, and found himself quite alone with his enemy. He threw the old instrument wide open, mounted a chair beside it and jumped in bodily. What havoc with the internal organism this kind of performance would make, may be safely to left to the imagination.

When the copyist came the spinnet was as usual closed and locked, and Salieri was calmly busy in his corrections of the score, which the other was to transfer to the parts. All the directions were given as usual and the two left the room together. That evening was an opera, the spinnet was transferred from the hall to the orchestra, and an hour before the performance came the tuner to perform his daily task. He opened it; "Mercy on us!" and sunk back into a chair. He called the men who had brought it down. They were as overcome by the sad sight as the tuner himself. They hurried off to call Gassmann and the manager, and while seeking for a clue to the criminal, another instrument for that evening was brought in. Next day another rehearsal, at which the spinnet was thoroughly examined; nearly all the strings were gone, and the sounding board itself crushed—the career of that spinnet was ended.

"The cover must have tumbled in," said one.

"No, a music-stand," said a second.

"Not so," said the tuner, "all together would not have done so much damage; some devil or other must have jumped into it."

"The good man has almost guessed it," thought Salieri, who stood by, and not too much at his ease, though no one suspected—at least seemed to suspect—him, and who was not free from anxiety, until he heard Gassmann say:

"Be it as it may! Thank Heaven, the manager will at length be compelled to get a new instrument made." And so he was.

Such time as the young man could command from his various studies and duties he zealously employed in composition; and he remembered in later days as products of these essays, several little cantatas for a solo voice and bass; divers pieces of church music; namely, a short mass *alla capella*, a *Salve Regina*, and several *Graduals* and *Offertories* with full orchestra; a short Italian opera for four voices and chorus; 6 violin quartets; two symphonies for orchestra; some pieces for wind instruments, and the pieces above mentioned which his master allowed him to write for the theatre, which consisted of ariettas, duets, terzets, some ballet movements, and trivial operatic last act finales to which in those days, very much as now, no audience paid any attention. Salieri remembered in his age, how at that time he had no little self-satisfaction and secret pride at his share in any successful piece; would pass sleepless nights and unhappy days when such a piece was damned. What a dust we make, said the fly. Of all this preparatory work nothing was preserved except such pieces as proved available for other compositions of a later date; the rest he destroyed.

Let him tell his own story of the first of his operas which came upon the stage—if it be rather long, it is interesting, characteristic, and gives us another glimpse into the operatic life of Vienna near the close of 1769, when the youthful composer had just entered his 20th year.

"My master, Gassmann, was called to Rome at that time to compose a tragic opera for the Carneval (1770). I remained behind in Vienna to conduct the rehearsals under Vice Kapellmeister Ferandini. Gaston Boccherini, a dancer in the Vienna opera house, a passionate lover of the art of poetry, had with the aid of Calzabigi (author of several excellent opera texts, among which are *Alceste* and *Orpheus*), written a comic Italian opera, entitled "*Le donne litterate*," which was intended for Kapellmeister Gassmann. Calzabigi advised him to give it to me, for I was a beginner in composition, as he was in poetry, and I could therefore the more easily come to an understanding with him. One morning therefore Boccherini came to me and, after the usual greeting, asked without the slightest preface: 'Would you like to set a comic opera text, which I have written, to music?' I answered coolly, 'why not?' And then he told me honestly, what his intention had been and how Calzabigi had advised him. Aha! thought I, so they think you able

to compose operas! Courage then—we'll not let the opportunity pass unused. So I impatiently asked the poet to explain me the plot of his opera, and lay the text before me. Done; and after we had distributed the parts according to the powers of the company as it then was, Boccherini said: 'I will leave you now, in the mean time you can examine the text, and if you wish for changes here and there for the sake of the musical effect, when I come again, we will undertake to make them together.'

"Now I was alone again, and I locked my door, and with glowing cheeks—as was generally the case with me in later years when I had undertaken a work with real joy and delight—I read the poem through again, found it certainly well adapted to music, and, having read the vocal pieces for the third time, my first step was—as I had seen my master do—to determine which key would suit the character of each separate piece. As it drew near noon, and I consequently could not hope to begin my composition before dinner, I employed the remaining hour to go through the poem once more. I had already begun to think out the melodies for certain passages, when Madame Gassmann (for my master had married before this time) had me called to dinner. All dinner time my opera text did not once come out of my head, and I have never been able since to remember what I ate that day.

"After dinner, as I had been accustomed to do from my childhood, I, with a book in my hand,—took a nap; then I took my daily walk on the walls of the city,* and turned back to my lodgings, full of secret pride at the confidence shown in me; I told the maid—as I had also done in the forenoon—to turn away any possible visitor, under the pretence that I was not at home. The good-natured old woman, to whom no doubt the self-important look of the commonly so jovial young gentleman and this repeated injunction seemed rather queer, looked at me quite astonished, and could not help a half suppressed smile. But I said to myself: 'Let the poor simpleton laugh, and we will think how to do ourself credit.'

"As soon as I was alone, I felt an irrepressible desire to set the music of the introduction to the opera. I therefore sought to place the character and the situation of the persons of the drama vividly before my imagination, and suddenly discovered a movement of the orchestra, which seemed to me fitted to bear up and give unity to the vocal music which the text necessarily made fragmentary. Now I fancied myself in the pit, listening to the production of my ideas; they seemed to me characteristic; I wrote them down, put them again to proof, and as I was satisfied with them, went on. So in half an hour the outline of the Introduction stood there on the music paper. Who was happier than I! It was now six o'clock in the evening and dark. I had lights brought. Before 12 o'clock, I determined, thou goest not to bed; the fancy is inflamed—the fire

* The last two bastions of those walls are to-day disappearing. Jan. 1864.

must be improved. I read the first finale, which, as to the words, began very much like the Introduction; I read it again, form a plan of the rhythm and keys suited to the work as whole—giving three hours to this work, but without writing a note. I felt myself weary and my cheeks burned; so I paced my room up and down, and soon again was drawn to my writing desk, where I began my outline, and, when midnight came, had made such progress that I laid myself in bed in high enjoyment.

"My head had been all day long too full of music and poetry, not to have it also in my dreams. In fact I did hear in dreams a singular harmony, but at such a wide distance and so confused, that it caused me more pain than pleasure, and finally awoke me. It was only four o'clock A.M., but all I could do, I could not again get to sleep. So I lighted my candles, looked through all I had sketched with a lead pencil the day before, went on with my outline, and had got half through the first finale when the clock struck eight, and to my surprise my poet entered the room. He could hardly believe that in so short a time I had sketched the entire introduction, and half of the first finale. I played what I had written to him on the piano-forte; he was uncommonly pleased, embraced me, and really seemed not less delighted than I was myself. In short, keeping at work, with no diminution of my enthusiasm, within four weeks a good two-thirds of the opera was written out in score and instrumented. My intention was to complete it at once, but not have it performed until my master's return home from Rome, and his correction of my work. But circumstances gave another turn to the matter.

"The manager had just then brought out a new opera, which displeased his public, and he was therefore forced to replace it with something else new. Boccherini, without saying a word to me, had told Calzabigi, that I was pretty well on with my opera. He, a friend of the manager, desired to have a sort of rehearsal of what was already finished. He invited me, and I, without guessing at the real object, took my finished pieces and went with my poet. I was rather taken aback at finding there the manager, the Kapellmeister Gluck and Scarlatti;* but, supposing they were there only out of curiosity, their presence gave me uncommon pleasure. I sang and played what was finished, and in the concerted pieces Gluck and Scarlatti sang with me. Gluck, who had always liked and encouraged me, showed himself at the very beginning satisfied with my work; Scarlatti, who from time to time pointed out little grammatical errors in my composition, praised also each number on the whole, and at the close both masters said to the manager, that if I would immediately finish the lacking numbers, they could without delay rehearse and produce the work, 'in that,' such were Gluck's own words, 'this work contains what is sufficient to give the public pleasure.'

"Who can imagine the joyful surprise which these words gave me, through which I instantly saw the object of the meeting. Full of confidence—*'superbo di mi stesso'*—I promised my judges the greatest industry until the work was put upon the stage. I wrote day and night, ran to the rehearsals, went through the vocal parts with the

singers, corrected the copyists, joined the poet in devising the costumes and decorations, and lived in such an unbroken strain both of mental and physical powers, that if study, drudgery and sweat did not throw me upon a sick bed, I can only think it was because my happiness acted as a protection.

"The general rehearsal took place the day before the first performance. That evening I went into the theatre with beating heart to hear my opera announced for the performance, which was done in these words: 'To-morrow the Italian operatic company will have the honor to produce a "new opera entitled *Le Donne letterate*," poem by Herr Gaston Boccherini; music by Herr Anton Salieri; the first work of both.' Several persons in the audience applauded, which gave me sweet confidence and seemed to me a good augury. Next morning, early as I thought it possible that the bills could be posted at the street corners, I went out to see my name for the first time in print, which gave me deep gratification. But not satisfied with seeing it once—much as I had feared it might have been omitted from the other bills—I ran all round town, to read it everywhere.

"It would be vain for me to try to depict the restless delight which filled that day down to the hour of the performance; but when that struck the joy changed to fear; my cheeks glowed until my whole face was scarlet, and so with faltering step, I went to the instrument. As I entered the orchestra there was applause, which in some degree recalled my courage. I bowed to the public, seated myself with some equanimity at the spinnet, and the opera began. It gained much applause, but certainly more for the sake of encouraging the young author, who was well known, than on account of the worth of the opera. When the performance was over and I had embraced my poet, I hurried away to mix with the audience as it left the theatre, and hear the opinions expressed.

"The opera is not bad," said one. 'It pleased me right well,' said a second. (That man I could have kissed). 'For a pair of beginners, it is no small thing,' says the third. 'For my part,' says the fourth, 'I found it very tedious.'

"At these words I struck off into another street for fear of hearing something still worse; but hearing at that moment new praises both of poet and composer, and modestly satisfying myself with them, I returned to my lodging heated and tired, but full of joy and peace.

So ends Salieri's story—who does not like it—who has no taste for the old man's simple reminiscence of his youth—had better pass it over.

(To be continued.)

Mendelssohn's Letters.*

From the *London Saturday Review*.

It is certainly satisfactory to meet with a man of genius who is neither eccentric nor disreputable. It is the common reproach of men to whom that mysterious gift has been granted, that from some cause or other their personal history has been marked by oddities and infirmities, or by something worse. In fact, it has come to be popularly held that a man of genius cannot be a man of common sense or of self-denial. Whether it be that the peculiar organization of the brain which is requisite to the possession of genius is also necessarily deficient in solidity and healthy

activity, or whether the cause is less purely physical, the world believes that genius, as such, is unfavorable to the development of the more practical and self-sacrificing virtues. Whatever be the real facts on which this popular prejudice rests, they are, moreover, considerably exaggerated by the equally popular prejudice in favor of respectable stupidity. It is comforting to one's self-love to reflect that if we cannot produce a great poem, or paint a grand picture, or invent logarithms or the differential calculus, or speak like Demosthenes, or write music like Beethoven, we are yet so admirable as sons or husbands, and have so sound a balance at our banker's, and are altogether such respectable members of society that, after all, we are practically of more value to the world than those who have possessed the most extraordinary gifts. The vulgar theory that there exists some hidden alliance between virtue and mediocrity is, in fact, neither more nor less than one of the forms taken by that peculiarly odious form of selfishness, the passion of envy. Yet it may be admitted that a man of genius who is at the same time a good son, a good brother, a good husband, a good father, temperate, reasonably economical, free from jealousy of all rivals, even pious, and, with all this, remarkably good-looking, and (notwithstanding an ugly trick of chewing his handkerchief) unquestionably gentlemanly, is such a phenomenon as we cannot hope to behold more than once in a lifetime. If anything more can be supposed needful to make up an almost impossible combination, let us suppose that the phenomenon in question was not only an extraordinarily precocious boy, but that in early youth he attained a wide-spread popularity, which continued increasing up to the time of his death, and that his special gift lay in the very art which is supposed to be singularly uncondusive to the type of character which the world calls respectable. Yet such a man was Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. And it is as furnishing illustrations of his personal history that the second volume of his correspondence, recently translated by Lady Wallace, is full of interest to the general, as well as the musical, reader. Many of his existing letters have, indeed, been kept back, as of too intimately private a nature to be suitable for present publication, and consequently we have but glimpses of that purely home life in which much of the singular charm of his nature was displayed. Still we have enough of the man, in all his relations, to account for that unusual degree of attachment which the last of the great musicians attracted wherever he was known.

Those who are fond of speculating as to a composer's personal peculiarities from the picture he gives of himself in his works, will not be far wrong if they judge of Mendelssohn by this test. Breadth of idea, seriousness of purpose, an aversion to everything hollow or superficial, untiring energy and activity tending to nervous and almost feverish restlessness, a deep inner love for the pure, the beautiful, the tender, and the calm—these are the characteristics of his music, as they were of himself. A man of strong and steady feeling, but not of intense, overmastering passions—of healthy, honest-hearted cheerfulness, rather than of mercurial vivacity or exuberant animal spirits—he uttered everything that was in him in the endless variety of works which he poured forth in the five-and-twenty years of his musical career. Music was to him eminently a language. He wanted no words when melody and harmony could speak his thoughts. In a passage in one of his letters he expresses his ideas as to the expressive powers of musical sound with a decision which will be incomprehensible to those who do not feel as he felt:—

There is so much talk about music [he writes to a friend at Lubeck], and yet so little really said. For my part, I believe that words do not suffice for such a purpose, and if I found they did suffice, then I certainly would have nothing more to do with music. People often complain that music is ambiguous, that their ideas on the subject always seem so vague, whereas every one understands words; with me it is exactly the reverse—not merely with regard to entire sentences, but also as to individual words; these, too, seem to me so ambiguous, so vague, so un-

* The three famous Scarlattis were, Alexander, of Naples, born about 1650, his son Domenico, 1683, and Domenico's son Giuseppe or Joseph, about 1718. Joseph is the one here referred to.

* Letters of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, from 1833 to 1847. Translated by Lady Wallace. London: Longman & Co.

intelligible when compared with genuine music, which fills the soul with a thousand things better than words. What the music I love expresses to me is not thought too *indefinite* to be put into words, but on the contrary, too *definite*.

This, in truth, is the root of the whole matter, and it is in this use of musical sound for the expression of ideas, apart from all verbal language, that the musical poet is distinguished from the mere maker of music. Sound speaks thoughts as truly as a landscape or a flower is full of expression, or as the human countenance speaks, though no articulate sounds are uttered. To those who are destitute of the musical organization such a notion may seem inexplicable and visionary; yet, by a similar deficiency, there are minds so constituted that a rose or a lily, the Cascade of Terni or the Bay of Naples more no more awakes any special thought or feeling in their breasts than does a dusty road or a meadow full of ditches. To the true composer and lover of music, on the contrary, these innumerable combinations of concords and discords, these successions of notes high and low, express with an inimitable accuracy all that multiplicity of conceptions and feelings which the human mind is capable of entertaining. All our ideas of law and order, of unity and movement, of moral beauty and sweetness, of human energy and strength and self-reliance and tenderness and sorrow and agony, with every variation in the fleeting moods of the heart, find as real and satisfying a vehicle of utterance in the combinations of genuine music as in the plays of Shakspeare or the Psalms of David. And it is in the power of creating these combinations, as expressions of the characteristics of an individual mind of an eminently vigorous, sensitive, and human constitution, that the great gift of what is called "style" consists. A composer whose character is strongly marked above that of ordinary men, and who unaffectedly and genially thinks in musical sounds, naturally and without effort writes with a special style which is emphatically new and his own. Inferior composers are but the imitators of other men's language. Either their thoughts are commonplace or they have not the imaginative and inventive faculty, wherewith to express them. A commonplace mind may be highly sensitive to the effects of music, and may possess moreover the inventive faculty, as such, in a considerable degree; but no commonplace mind can write music with a definitely marked and characteristic style of its own. It can but reflect its own mediocrity in the language it has borrowed from others. And thus it is that, when we attempt to analyse or describe Mendelssohn's style as a composer, we can do little more than point out its striking truthfulness as a representative of that which was in him. Hence, further, it is, what to many persons seems so surprising, that the greatest works of the great masters have been written in their full manhood or during the approach of age. The explanation of the fact is to be found in their increased experience of the realities of human life—its passions, its pleasures, its vanity, and above all, its sorrows. The more profoundly they have learnt to think and to feel, the more profound are the emotions they have to express. They have learnt to speak what they know, not merely what they imagine. And we entertain no doubt that, had Mendelssohn lived to be fifty or sixty, there would have been as vast a difference between his earlier and his later works as there is between Mozart's first mass and his Requiem. Mozart's Requiem was the work of a mind forced into contemplation of those realities of the unseen which he knew he was shortly to behold. His earlier masses are the graceful and brilliant poems of an imagination uninstructed by the pains of experience, and regarding the object of its faith from the point of view of a Kapell-Meister bound to supply Kyries and Credo's to order in abundant sufficiency. In Mendelssohn's unfinished oratorio, *Christus*, the traces of this progress of his mind are fully manifest. Throughout, it displays that increasing feeling for purity of tune, and for repose rather than ingenuity in harmony, which accompanied the maturing of his mind and judgment on all affairs, whether musical or otherwise. From the

first indeed, that union of cheerfulness with seriousness, of sober judgment with eager enthusiasm, which was so striking in his personal life, is to be discerned in his works. The passages for the wind instruments, equally novel and charming, in his overture to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, were typical of that inner life of repose which lay hid beneath an exterior of eagerness and impetuosity. His likings and dislikings for the works of other masters were in like manner the result, not so much of taste and criticism, as of the essential qualities of his own mind. He recoiled from Auber as spontaneously as he worshipped Sebastian Bach. It was not that Auber and the modern Italians did not write fugues; his aversion sprang from an utter want of sympathy with their tone of mind as men. The emotions they expressed were not his emotions, and he never lived to the age when we learn to be charitable even when we cannot be sympathetic. He held them all to be sensual, frivolous, and of the earth, earthy. Indeed, in these letters he expresses in no measured terms his repugnance to the whole modern theatrical school, though we do not find in his bitterest censures anything so epigrammatic as the criticism of a kindred composer on Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*. "The Catholics and Protestants," wrote Schumann, describing this opera when it first came out, "cut each other's throats on the stage, and a Jew stands by and makes music to it."

Mendelssohn's own religious opinions appear frequently in his letters, and few writers have spoken with such unaffected simplicity on a subject so easily disfigured with cant or conventionalism. His theology was that which is characteristic of the Broad Church school of Christianity. As every one knows, he was the grandson of Moses Mendelssohn, the learned and acute Jewish philosopher; but he himself, and his brothers and sisters, were all brought up Christians, and the change in the family religion appears to have taken place in the previous generation. As a musician, he could not but entertain the strongest aversion for the Evangelical school, wherever he found it. Modern Germany, indeed, is not prolific in disciples of this most unmusical of religious sects; but the Elberfeld preachers—whose leader, Kruppacher, was at one time all the fashion with the Low Church party in England—were sufficiently influential to cause him some annoyance. In a letter to Professor Schirmer of Düsseldorf, he refers to a report which misrepresented his opinions as leaning towards those of the Elberfeld school. It is too striking and characteristic of the man to be altogether omitted:—

So I am said to be a saint! If this is intended to convey what I conceive to be the meaning of the word, and what your expressions lead me to think you also understand by it, then I can only say that, alas! I am not so, though every day of my life I strive with greater earnestness, according to my ability, more and more to resemble this character. I know, indeed, that I can never hope to be altogether a saint, but if I ever approach to one it will be well. If people, however, understand by the word "saint" a Pietist, one of those who lay their hands on their laps and expect that Providence will do their work for them, and who, instead of striving in their vocation to press on towards perfection, talk of a heavenly calling being incompatible with an earthly one, and are incapable of loving with their whole hearts any human being, or anything on earth—then, God be praised! such a one I am not, and hope never to become, so long as I live; and though I am sincerely desirous to live piously, and really to be so, I hope this does not necessarily entail the other character.

This same conscientiousness and abhorrence of the artificial and the unreal was carried by Mendelssohn into every detail of his art. Being well provided for by his father, he could easily afford to keep what he calls an "artistic conscience" amidst all such temptations as the music-sellers had to offer; but he was equally proof against royal commands and blandishments. Not the least curious part of this volume are letters relating to the wishes of the King of Prussia that he should set certain choruses of *Æschylus* to music, as he had set certain choruses of *Sophocles*. Nothing would induce him to pledge himself to the

undertaking, from his conviction that the choruses in question were utterly unsuitable to musical expression. To Englishmen it may seem strange to see a Prime Minister and an absolute Sovereign vainly entreating a musician to compose music for a few Greek verses. We can only extract some of the more remarkable sentences, but the whole correspondence is well worth reading as a rare example of that realizing of an artistic ideal which is so much talked about and so seldom witnessed. In justice to the King it should be added that, though the composer's persistence in his refusal caused him much vexation, it produced no diminution in his respect and esteem:—

Because I owe so much gratitude to the King, because I honor him in the depths of my soul as an admirable noble prince and man—on this very account I think that all I do by his command should be done with a good conscience, and in a cheerful spirit. . . . I will always obey the commands of a Sovereign so beloved by me, even at the sacrifice of my personal wishes and advantage. If I find I cannot do so with a good artistic conscience, I must endeavor candidly to state my scruples or my incapacity, and if that does not suffice, then I must go. This may sound absurd in the mouth of a musician, but shall I not feel duty as much in my position as others do in theirs? In an occurrence so personally important to me, shall I not follow the dictates of integrity and truth, as I have striven to do all my life.

We must add a word for the especial benefit of Birmingham and its musical amateurs. If they are disposed to plume themselves—not being generally too much given to modesty—on their admiration for Mendelssohn, let them lay to heart the opinion as to their discrimination and the real value of their praises which he expressed in a letter to Hiller in the year 1837.

Carl Maria Von Weber.

A LIFE PICTURE.

(Continued from Vol. xxiii. page 202.)

The author of C. M. Von Weber's biography does not so completely exclude his own opinions and those of others concerning the composer's works, as we should have expected from the views put forth in the preface; to be convinced of the contrary we have only to read in this first volume, which comprehends Weber's life up to the year 1816, all that is said about the compositions then completed—about, for instance, the first operas, *Das Waldmädchen*, *Peter Schmolli*, *Sylvana* and *Abu Hassan*; sundry cantatas and songs, the Piano-forte Concerto in E flat major, &c. But the reader must not expect an analysis extending into details.

With regard to the account of Weber's life, properly so-called, it contains much highly interesting matter that captivates our attention and offers an attractive picture of what C. M. Von Weber was, under the unfavorable circumstances of his youth, and until he obtained the appointment of Conductor of the Royal Private Band, at Dresden, on Christmas day, 1816.

The whole work is parcelled out into four divisions, of which three, in two volumes, will contain a picture of the master's life, and the fourth (the third volume) a new edition of his posthumous writings. The first volume, now published, comprehends the first two divisions of the biography, which have been designated by the titles that Weber himself was accustomed to give these portions of his life and labors. The first: "Years of Youth, Apprenticeship, and Wanderings" (from 1786 to 1812), takes up twelve sections (page 1 to 394); and the second: "Yoke-Years," or "Years of Servitude," three sections (page 399 to 546).

After devoting a retrospective glance to Weber's ancestors, who came originally from Upper Austria, and most of whom possessed a marked partiality for music and the stage, the author gives us a very interesting and characteristic picture of Franz Anton Von Weber, the composer's father, a picture by which he mercilessly destroys the notions we previously entertained of Franz Anton as a major, a chamberlain, &c., &c., as he is designated in the *Encyclopedia* articles on Carl Maria, and portrays, in strict accordance with

the results of his researches, the strange being, who never settled down as long as he lived, and, unfortunately, distinguished himself as little by dignity of character or principle. Without having studied any profession in particular, but possessing a natural talent for music and everything connected with the stage, besides being a handsome man, remarkable for his aristocratic manners, Franz Anton was an ensign; a lieutenant in the Imperial Army at Rossbach; an actuary; a steward; a court counselor of domains; well off; poor; a musician on his own resources; a musical-director in Lübeck; a musical conductor in Eutin; town-musician at the same place, in bad circumstances (during which state of things Carl Maria was born, on the 18th December, 1786); and then a theatrical manager eternally roving from place to place. During the later period, it is true that he signed and called himself a major, but he never was one.

Such were the circumstances under which Weber first saw the light, and under which he spent his youth. Let us hear what the author of his biography says in a fragment from the second section. It will serve at the same time as a specimen of the author's style of narrative.

"The boy was very sickly. He suffered more especially from a local affection, which appears to have been seated in the upper part of his thigh-bone. He was four years old before he learned to walk alone, and every violent movement caused him pain. His complaint was never quite cured, and caused the lameness, subsequently remarked, in his right foot. It at first proved, when he was a child, a great obstacle to his taking part in the games of companions of his own age. He was—especially during the period his father entertained the hope of making him a young phenomenon, and while the never-ending music lessons disgusted and rendered him nervous—timid, and excitable, avoiding the mental and bodily movements and exertions with which boyish life and boyish games are inevitably connected. Subsequently, when, after his mind had freer scope, and his joyous, elastic temperament had got the better of material obstacles, he became aware that, despite his corporal weakness, his companions gathered around him with a kind of deference, and his soul grew able to free its action almost completely from the influences of bodily suffering, there sprang up within his breast a fullness of life which frequently almost became mere wantonness, and actually made him the very heart and soul of all the acts of violence and roguish pranks which occurred in the circle of his playmates. His power—already mentioned, and exercised from his earliest youth—of elevating the action of the mind above the pressure of the sickly frame, alone enabled Weber to embody the revelations of his genius in all their healthy fullness, for the sensation of enjoying vigorous health, and of not being burdened by the body, because the latter requires nothing, was one Weber never knew. It was amid the admonitory cries of weakness, the harsh sounds of pain, and from out the gloom of depression that he had to catch those strains which, by their spring-like freshness and their forest sweetness, delight and will ever delight us and our Epigoni. His father and step-brother Fridolin (called simply Fritz) taught him music between them. The poor child swallowed unwillingly the fare with which he was satiated, and, to his father's despair, appeared almost entirely deficient in talent. On one occasion, as Weber himself relates one of the earliest reminiscences of his childhood, Fridolin, throwing away the fiddle-bow, with which he had often in his rage rapped the child's little unskilful hands, exclaimed: "Carl, you may perhaps become anything else, but you will never be a musician!" Forunately Franz Anton did not lose patience so quickly; it seems, too, that as the boy's mind was developed, his natural gifts became more apparent, so that his lessons were continued even during the wanderings of the Weberian opera company to Erlangen and Augsburg in 1793-4. But even though, at this early period of his youth, Weber's feeling for music had not extended as far as the awakening the talent of a child phenomenon, the circumstances amid which the boy passed the first years of his youth, and received his first strong and indelible impressions, exercised the most powerful influence on the direction taken by his talent in its subsequent development. It was these circumstances principally which gave that thoroughly dramatic character in which consists a great part of the originality of his productions.

"The playing-place in the house, the street, the garden, the wood, and the meadow, the battle-field upon the farms at school, a field on which, generally, the foundations of a boy's views and character are laid,

were almost unknown to him. There is no doubt that the games in which he took delight with companions of his own age, and in which the germ of all a person's subsequent views is so frequently contained, were partially, as far as his bodily condition allowed, similar to those which fill up the hours of amusement of other boys, but the scene where they took place was different, and there were mixed up in them elements ordinarily foreign to boyish minds. For Weber, as the son of the manager, and playmate of the children of the musicians and of the actors, and as one compelled by his weakness to remain near his parents, the theatre, the orchestra, and the stage were that world usually found by a boy in the street, the garden, and the court-yard. The battles usually waged by the boyish host with sticks and switches upon the common, were fought out by Weber and his companions with swords covered with silver paper, and with pasteboard shields, borne, in the evening, by their fathers as bandits or heroes. The float was the fortress defended against the storming party in the orchestra; stage lumber furnished lurking-places and retreats, while dresses appropriated on the sly decked the kings and the officers. The wings, machinery, and painted woods were their home, just as the rustling forest is that of the hunter's son. Weber's first youthful reminiscences were most closely and firmly interwoven with recollections of stage and orchestral arrangements; with but half understood dramatic plots, which had to supply the place of scholastic absurdities; and with the whole technical mechanism of stage life, with which the boy became as familiar as with the laws regulating tops or hide-and-seek, at which he played with his companions. As, however, no study of the grammar and syntax of a language can replace the animation of words heard from youth upwards, this absolute intimacy with all the material detail of stage-business, an intimacy enabling a person to hit instinctively upon what is right, gave Weber an immense advantage in his efforts as a dramatic composer, because he instinctively knew *a priori* what was required to render effective for stage purposes an idea, an action, or a dramatic form, while it gave him, as a conductor, a vast superiority over all who were acquainted practically or theoretically with only certain departments of stage matters.

"But great as was consequently, on the one hand, the advantage the boy derived, in his subsequent development, from his association with his father's company, the dangers arising from it were, on the other hand, quite as great, on account of the irregularity of a new theatrical life, the lax morality belonging to it; and littleness of conception and outwardness in the treatment of Art. That he escaped these dangers better than many other persons was partially owing to the constitution of his inner nature, which threw off, as clear water does greasy fat, everything that defiled and diverted him from his upward course; but it was owing, also, and in a far greater degree, to the influence of the gentle, pure, and, at the same time, profoundly melancholy individuality of his young mother, a finely educated and sensible woman, who unceasingly instructed the ailing child and took him under the wing of her soul, undermining, as far as lay in her power, the effects of a theatrical life, for which she felt antipathy, and developing, with feminine care and delicacy, the boy's natural tendency to goodness of heart; but, finally, it was owing, likewise, to the fact that his lucky star placed him under the guidance of serious teachers actuated by noble motives, whose agency paralyzed those doubtful influences, the power of which, as we must to our regret avow, was the more to be dreaded, because the father's character did not offer the boy a model to which he might look up with sufficient confidence for it to be an effective safeguard.

(To be Continued.)

A Female Composer of the Last Century.

MARIA THERESA PARADIES, a remarkable composer and eminent pianiste, was born in Vienna, the 15th May, 1759. Stricken with blindness at the early age of five years, she found in the study of music a consolation for her great misfortune. She evinced the most singular aptitude for this art, and was moreover endowed with marvellous facility for the acquirement of languages and sciences. Mlle. Paradies was equally familiar with Italian, German, French and English, well versed in the inductive sciences, a proficient in geography and history, danced with grace, and possessed such extraordinary facility of conception, and so tenacious a memory, that she played at chess, regulating her own moves according to the play of her adversary, as it she could have seen the board herself. Kozeluch and Righini were her masters for the piano-forte and singing; and she learned composition from the chapel-master, Freiherr, receiving the advice of Salieri in the dramatic department.

She was only eleven years of age when the Empress Maria Theresa granted her a pension of 250 florins, after having heard her play some of the sonatas and fugues of Bach with rare perfection. In 1784, Paradies set out on her travels, visited Linz, Salzburg, Munich, Spire, Mannheim, Switzerland, and Paris, in which latter city she played with extraordinary success at one of the Concerts Spirituels in 1785. From Paris she proceeded to London, where she achieved a decided triumph. The most celebrated artists of the period—among others, Abel, Fischer, and Salomon—considered it an honor to assist in her concerts. On her return from England, Paradies went to Holland, then to Brussels, Berlin, and Dresden, and was everywhere received with marked approbation at her public performances. In 1786, she returned to Vienna. She there applied herself to composition and teaching, published a variety of instrumental pieces, and wrote several operas which were favorably received at Vienna and Prague. Her house became the rendezvous of the most eminent and distinguished persons of Vienna; foreigners solicited as the highest favor to be introduced to her; and all were equally captivated by the charms of her conversation and the amenity of her manners. This remarkable woman died at Vienna on the 1st of February, 1824, at the age of sixty-five. In 1791, she produced at Vienna *Ariadne et Naxos*, an opera in two acts; and this was followed by *Ariadne and Bacchus*, a duo-drama in one act, a continuation of the foregoing opera. In 1792, Mlle. Paradies gave at the national Theatre of Vienna, *Le Candidat Instituteur*, an opéra in one act; and in 1797, a grand opera, entitled *Rinaldo and Armida*, at Prague. A grand cantata of her composition, on the death of Louis XVI., which was printed with piano-forte accompaniment, was brought out at Vienna in 1794. She had already published her funeral cantata on the death of the Emperor Leopold. Among the other compositions of Paradies, may be mentioned *Six Sonatas* for the harpsichord, Op. 1 (Paris, Imbault); *Six Sonatas*, Op. 2 (ditto); *Twelve Italian Canzonets*, with accompaniment, for piano-forte (London, Bland); and *Leonore de Burger* (Lieder, Vienna).

FETIS.

Musical Journalism.

(From the *New Nation*.)

Musical Journalism in this country partakes of the following characteristics:

- 1st. Fulsome flattery of artists.
- 2d. Unblushing falsehoods to advertise certain publications or pianos.
- 3d. Malignant underrating of really earnest and artistically successful efforts.

Regarding the first of these, it is a lamentable fact that newspapers, and especially the dailies, will no more notice a great artist if he does not advertise with them, than they would think of drinking the health of the King of Dahomey at high mass. The performance of musical master-pieces does not come under the head of "news" at all. The public are not supposed to be interested in it half as much as they would be in the fact of somebody's inventing a way to make wheelbarrows or wash-tubs on a new principle. If we turn to the so-called "Musical papers," those published with a professed view to advancing the art in every possible way, we do not find it much better. Prejudice, incredulity, detraction, and contempt, mark most of the so-called criticisms on the one hand, while on the other, commonplace and conventional patronizing of acknowledged talent or classical works, with all the time-honored adjectives, "immortal," "unequaled," "transcendent," etc., greet one at every point. For instance, is not the country correspondence of some city musical papers most laughable? A band of scraping, puffing, blowing, wheezing, twanging amateurs, probably butchers, drovers, hay-makers or wood-cutters, counter-jumpers or high-school students, get together, and by dint of many months' creditable study, manage to murder a Mozart overture or Haydn Symphony. An admiring fellow-scraper or blower, having before-time secured a short list of subscribers for a city musical paper, is forthwith authorized to act as correspondent, and during his epistolary performance enters into an elaborate description not only of the performance, but also of the composition, which happens to be as familiar to the class of readers for whom the paper is intended, as A, B, C is to a college professor of Belles Lettres. Now is this what we look for in a musical journal? Do we find the directions for preparing hydrogen in *Silliman's Journal*, or the definition of the term "cog-wheels" in the *Scientific American*? Yet such specimens of correspondence are ludicrously common in periodicals quite as professedly devoted to music as others are to chemistry and mechanics, while the foreign

budget of truly important events at the centres of artistic activity, Leipzig, Paris, and London, is thin, scanty, and unsatisfactory to the last degree.

If a young ladies' boarding-school in the country gives an examination performance, a two or three-columned article (in which the players and singers are lauded as if they were world-wide celebrities) is the least that can be expected from a paper in which the proprietors of the school advertise. And it is just so with individuals. A pianist or singer stands a poor chance of having his merit recognized in print, unless his concerts are advertised in those papers or his programmes and tickets are printed at their job offices.

Yet we constantly see ourselves (as a nation) extravagantly praised for being so "generous to artists," so liberal in our encouragement of musical performances, and so ready to award the "proper" need of honor to artistic aspirants, when the fact is, that we have hardly allowed the arts to receive equal courtesy at our hands with that awarded to boot-makers, tallow-chandlers, patent medicine venders, and sloop-shops generally.

If these facts are disputed, we have only to refer the reader to an old adage which is certainly true with regard to mercantile commodities, but is a grievous falsehood where art is concerned; namely: "A thing will bring as much as it is worth." Let any obscure composer offer one of his works for sale at a music publisher's, and see how much it will bring! Yet, we know that hundreds of literary "Bohemians," in this city alone, make a living by their newspaper pen-scratchings, a year's amount of which may not contain a tithe of the science or ability which four pages of this musical work possesses.

It is too true that a musical manuscript is only worth as much as the paper and ink employed in its composition cost, until the author is popular enough to make it sell. The genius or merit evinced therein to a discerning eye is nothing, and this is because the public have no discerning eyes wherewith to appreciate or discover either musical excellence or originality. The reason for this again, is because the public are not properly educated by those who assume to be popular educators, namely, editors, among whom few are to be found more jealous of their rights or vain of their supposed qualifications than musical ones.

Now, a composer, to be popular, must be puffed. Puffing is the only golden road to reputation, in this country at least. From a circus-rider or clog-dancer, to a new preacher or Presidential candidate, the rule holds good, and the worst feature of it is, that merit stands no better chance than mediocrity at first, and if one refuses to be puffed, he may as well resign himself to starve, however degrading he may feel it to see the "pure emanations from his inspired brain," "soaped and oiled" by a paid pen, side by side with a rope-dancer or hurdle-rider. The only remedy for this truly disgraceful state of things lies with the editors, and as far as musical matters are concerned, with the editors of our musical journals.

As it at present exists, the very foundations of an eventually possible correct popular taste in the art are sapped. A man is judged only by what he does in public; hence any impudent varlet of a musical pretender, (and how many we could mention!) without education, or anything, in fact, excepting a low variety of Yankee smartness, gets himself into print, sows his productions (or rather *rechashes*) broad-cast, and reaps a harvest of what Boeccaccio calls "St. John's golden grease," while a neighboring student, and mayhap genius, is in want of the comforts of daily life, although his now worthless manuscripts may enrich a music-seller fifty or a hundred years hence. This state of things must continue until the public form some idea of a true criterion in art, and until the editors of these musical papers become first learned enough to judge of true merit in new men, (which they now seldom are), and secondly, honest enough never to presume to place charlatans and juggler pianists on the same footing with sound musicians, just because a silly gawgaw public of biped cattle choose to cry them up.

We are sensible how thankless a task it is to urge such a vast reform in this day and country of artistic superficiality, and that perhaps we had better "fold the arms of resignation on the bosom of patience," as the Persians say. Nevertheless truth is truth, and must at times be spoken, and no candid observer or experienced dilettante of fifteen years' metropolitan life can deny our premises or fail to sympathize with our yearnings as above expressed.

With regard to the unblushing falsehoods in laudatory notices of favored artists, and the cunning tricks so often resorted to by mechanics through performers in order to advertise their instruments, no one with half an eye or an ounce of brains need to be enlightened.

To such a degree is this carried, that repeated in-

stances have come under our observation where all ability in art has been denied to accomplished pianists, by certain persons, merely because they were not friendly to the maker of the pianos used at their concerts!

Concerning the critical portion of a musical editor's duties, that alone is subject enough for a volume. We are not of those who believe an impartial criticism by a fellow-artist an impossible thing. On the contrary we can imagine a person so learned yet so in love with his art as to lose sight of the person of an artist entirely when speaking of his labors in music, although we grant it is a very rare thing. Because our brother is an expert pianist, must we therefore proclaim him an original and great composer, when we know his good passages are stolen and all his unstolen ones are bad? Or, because my neighbor is a drunkard or is afflicted with the disease known as chronic impecuniosity, must we therefore deny to him any musical talent at all, when we know he has produced beautiful and original additions to the art? Yet these things are what we constantly see and deplore as stumbling-blocks in the way not so much of individual artists as of the public, in preventing their formation of a correct opinion regarding music and musicians.

Swift says of Criticism as idealized to him (See *Battle of Books*). "At her right sat Ignorance, at her left Pride. About her played her children, Noise, Impudence, Dulness, Vanity, Positiveness, Pedantry and Ill-Manners. She had claws like a cat, head, ears, and voice like an ass; her diet was the overflowing of her own gall, and her spleen stood out prominent above all else."

We are truly happy to say that seldom do we see a musical criticism which seems to embody all of these fearful characteristics, although so many daily appear with a choice selection therefrom. It is the most unpardonable thing for a critic to be accused of not understanding his subject, and yet when he has to write with a concert for a text, and does not know enough to stick to his subject, there is no cause for astonishment in his wanderings off to one he does understand. Hence we have observed such strictures upon a pianist as that he could not be what he professed, because he did not look like a certain other artist, and wore patent leather boots and white kid gloves! Another, from want of appreciation, always abuses a certain great German composer, (now dead, and whose music has become classic,) designating his works by so disrespectful and vulgar a cognomen as "broken crockery music." A third, in his blind adoration of Beethoven and ignorance of his works combined, writes a long abusive article on a quartet which he supposes to be by Schubert, and after his article is in print, has the mortification to learn that the quartet was the work of his adored Beethoven, and the critic had been a dupe of the designing and witty musicians who performed it!

But it is needless for us to multiply examples. What we have been suffering under, and still do, is a set of writers for the musical press who are not musicians. It now behooves us to obtain those who are, but this will always be difficult. Musicians are seldom writers, although some bright names, such as Schumann, Berlioz, and Howard Glover have proven that the two qualities are not incompatible, as some have asserted, and that because a man is eminent in art he must be necessarily a fool in letters. Did not Northcote write a life of Titian?

We hope to live to see a great and healthy reform in American Musical Journalism, through whose influence an otherwise intelligent and cultivated public will not betray a childish ignorance of art before they make their remarks on the subject, and will not mix up symphonies and negro melodies, piano fantasies, and masses for three voices, in an undistinguishable confusion such as you generally hear in the airy and self-complacent conversation of "our best society."

Music Abroad.

London.

The Italian Opera season is about to begin. Mr. Gye, first in the field with his prospects (by 24 hours), opens his theatre on Tuesday, March 29th, also first (by 12 days)—a fortnight earlier than in 1863. His programme is full of interest. Several new singers are announced. Among the sopranos are found Mlles. Emilia Lagrue, Destinn, Guiseppini Tati and Garulli. Of the first alone we know anything. Mlle. Lagrue, who has been for many years renowned, both on the old and new continents, is to be the "Grisi" of the hour, and make her *début* as Norma. The basses are reinforced by three fresh comers—Signor Attri, Signor Scalsese and Herr

Schmid. The first, from the Pergola, at Florence, is engaged for Walter, in *Guillaume Tell*, Elmiro, in *Otello*, Basilio, in the *Barbieri*, &c. Signor Scalsese is at present chief *buffo* of the Italian Opera in Paris, where he is favorably regarded. He will doubtless (if a good comic actor) be found useful in Bartolo, Leporello, and other parts. Herr Schmid is vaunted abroad as successor to Herr Formes. He comes well recommended from the Imperial Opera at Vienna. The tenors and barytones are as before, with the proviso that Herr Wachtel, who appeared (as Edgardo) two seasons ago, is again in the list of tenors. Changes have been made in the allotment of several important characters. Signor Mario is announced to play Faust, for the first time, and once more to assume the part of Nemorino (*L'Elisir*), which he gave up eight years ago, besides that of Fernando (*La Favorita*), which he has not played for six years. Mlles. Adeline Patti and Pauline Lucca are alternately to appear as Margarita, in Faust—another fine chance for M. Gounod, at all events. Signor Tamberlik resigns Arnold (*Guillaume Tell*), Manrico (*Il Trovatore*), and Jean of Leyden, to Herr Wachtel; while M. Faure cedes Guillaume Tell, Alfonso (*La Favorita*), and Hoel (*Dinorah*) to Signor Graziani. Signor Ronconi is, for the first time, to essay Don Pasquale, Bartolo (Mozart's), and Sulpizio the Sergeant (*La Figlia del Reggimento*). Madame Antonietta Friceci abandons Norma and Donna Anna, both in favor of Mlle. Lagrue—taking refuge as the unfortunate Donna Elvira, Don G.'s cast-off mistress. Madame Nantier-Didiée leaves Fides to Mlle. Guiseppini Tati (from Lisbon). Mlle. Adeline Patti alone retains the characters she has supported at various periods, adding to her already extremely varied repertory the part of Susanna, in *Le Nozze di Figaro*; Margarita (*Faust*)—in partnership, as we have already stated, with Mlle. Lucca; and including *Dinorah*, which (no one then present can have forgotten) she played once, at the end of the season 1862. Two new operas are promised—*La Forza del Destino* (Verdi) and *Otto Nicolai's* often promised *Die Lustigen Weiber von Windsor* (*Merry Wives of Windsor*). The four chief characters in Verdi's opera will be supported by Mlle. Lagrue, Madame Didiée, Signors Tamberlik and Graziani, the original representatives at the Imperial Opera of St. Petersburg. To Mlle. Lucca and Herr Schmid are assigned the principal parts in the opera of Nicolai.

The promised revivals are, *L'Etoile du Nord*—not given since 1855, the old theatre having been burnt down early in 1856; *Le Nozze di Figaro*, first time at the new theatre; *Otello*, first time for six years; and *Dinorah*, first time for two years. Mlle. Lucca will play Catarina, in the *Etoile du Nord*, to the Pietro of M. Faure, (who succeeded M. Bataille in the same part, at the Opera Comique). *Le Nozze di Figaro* will have an entirely new cast:—Susanna, Mlle. Patti; the Countess, Mlle. Marie Battu; Cherubino, Mlle. Lucca; the Count, Signor Graziani; Bartolo, Signor Ronconi; Basilio, Signor Neri-Baraldi; and Figaro, M. Faure. In *Otello*, Signors Tamberlik and Ronconi retain the parts of the Moor and Iago, Mlle. Lagrue is to play Desdemona, and Signor Attri, Elmiro.

In the list of operas to be given this year, no allusion is made to *La Gazza Ladra*, despite the popularity, last season, of Mlle. Patti's *Ninetta*; nor of *Masaniello*, revived with so much splendor in 1862; nor of *Fra Diavolo*, announced in the last two prospectuses, with Signor Mario as the Brigand; nor, lastly, of *Stradella*, which has figured conspicuously in the programmes for many seasons. That the company has undergone a thorough sifting may be judged from the absence of the following names:—Sopranos—Madame Miolan-Carvalho, Mlles. Fioretti, Maurensi, Elvira Demi, Dottini and Maffei; Tenor—Sig. Caffieri; Basses—Herr Formes, M. Zelger and M. Obin. Very few of these, however, need be regretted. The other members of the troop, 1863, all remain. Mlles. Salvioni and Zini Richard are engaged as principal danseuses in the Ballet, besides Mlles. Raffaelli, Assunta, and Carmine—new comers. M. Desplaces retains his post of Maitre de Ballet, but M. Nadan's place as leader is not yet filled up. That Mr. Costa, as Director of the Music and Conductor; M. Sainton as *Chef d'Attaque* and Deputy Conductor; Messrs. W. Beverley and T. Grieve (Mr. Telbin has gone over to the Haymarket), as Scenic Artists; Mr. Augustus Harris as Stage Manager, and the other chief "officials," before and behind the curtain, still hold their posts, is as pleasant to know as that the orchestra (*minus* poor Nadan) remain in *statu quo*. The military band is again that of the Coldstream Guards—director Mr. Godfrey, eldest son of the late Charles Godfrey. Whether the chorus is to be reinforced, as was suggested last year, we do not find stated; it was good as it stood, but would be none the worse for a few young and fresh voices. But enough for the present.

The prospectus of Her Majesty's Theatre is just as full of promise. Some amateurs will probably think it more interesting in one respect, inasmuch as it announces Herr Richard Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, and with a cast too, embracing the names of Mdles. Tietjens, Volpini and Harriers Wippert (from Berlin—one of the three Berlin Margarets), with Signor Giuglini, M. Gassier and Mr. Santley. Two other novelties are included, viz., *La Forza del Destino* and *Le Spose Allegre* (Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*), both of which are also promised by Mr. Gye. The revivals comprise *Fidelio*—with Mdle. Tietjens as Leonora; *Der Freischütz*, *Anna Bolena*, and *Robert le Diable*. Signor Verdi, it is stated, has undertaken to remodel the last act and personally superintend the production of *La Forza del Destino*. All the principal members of last season's troop remain, with one important exception—Mdle. Desirée Artôt; one unimportant exception—Signor Baragli (the tenor); one neither important nor unimportant exception—Signor Violetti (the bass); two tremendous exceptions—Madame Alboni and Mr. Sims Reeves; besides one or two other "exceptions." Mr. Mapleson, moreover, has strengthened it in certain departments. Among the new "first ladies" we find Mdle. Guiseppina Vitali, from Bologna; Mdme. Harriers Wippert (alluded to already), from Berlin; Mdle. Eleonora Grossi, from Rome and Barcelona; and Mdle. Betheheim, from Vienna—the last two being contraltos. Signor Fancelli, from the San Carlo, is the only new tenor; but to the basses are added a certain Signor Benedetto Mazzetti, a certain Signor Gasperoni, and Signor Marcello Junca (formerly plain M. Junca, at the Theatre Lyrique Paris), from the Teatro Regio, Turin, and—it might have been added—the United States of North America. There are two fresh comers, among the principal danseuses of the Ballet (Ballet-master, Signor Sismopoli), viz., Mdle. Aranyvary, from Milan; and Mdle. Caterina Beretta, from the San Carlo at Naples and the Regio at Turin. There is also a Signor Alessandri, who will make his first appearance. A new ballet, entitled *Gli Amori di Bacco*, in which Mdle. Aranyvary will make her debut, is promised early in the season; and another called *Eumia*, in the course of the season, for the first appearance of Mdle. Caterina Beretta. M. Petit guards his post as Regisseur of the Ballet. The chorus, strengthened by important additions, is now almost entirely composed of singers from the Teatro Regio and the Liceo, Turin—Signor Chiaromonte, Chorus-master. The Stage Manager is M. Reinhardt, from Berlin and Vienna. Mr. Telbin is appointed principal scenic artist, assisted by Mr. Henry Telbin (his son). The military band will be that of the Grenadier Guards, (under the direction of M. D. Godfrey (second son of the late Charles Godfrey). The orchestra has been "numerically reinforced," and the direction again confided to Signor Arditi—two "articles" which cannot fail to give satisfaction. To conclude, Subscribers will be glad to learn that the private boxes have been "enlarged and improved"—to say nothing of a new organ being in process of erection by "the eminent firm of Gray and Davison." The theatre opens on Saturday, April 9th, with *Rigetto*,—Mdle. Guiseppina Vitali (her first appearance) being Gilda, Mdle. Grossi (her first appearance) Maddalena, and Signor Giuglini (first time) the Duke of Mantua.—*Mus. World*.

Germany.

WEIMAR.—The fourth and last Subscription Concert of the Grand-Ducal Private Band presented the following programme: "Les Préludes," Franz Liszt; "Auf den Lagunen," words by Theophile Gautier, translated by P. Cornelius, music by Hector Berlioz (Herr von Milde); "Méditation über Consolation," Franz Liszt, amplified and scored by Herr Carl Siör; and Beethoven's Symphony in C minor. The concert was under the direction of Herr Carl Siör. (What a treat must have been the Symphony of Beethoven!)

HANOVER.—From Jan. 1 to Dec. 31, 1863 (the theatre being closed from July 1 to Aug. 27) there were 86 operatic performances at the Theatre Royal. The number of operas represented was 40. The novelties were Gluck's *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*, and Ferdinand Hiller's *Katakomben*; the revivals *Fidelio*, *Norma*, *Jessonda*, *Zampa*, *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* and *La Sonnambula*.

KONIGSBERG.—The Musikalische Academie lately gave a performance of Schumann's *Das Paradies und die Peri*, under the direction of Herr Landien.

BERLIN.—The programme of the Seventh Sinfonie Soirée of the King's Private Band was composed of his overture to the *Räuberbraut*, by Ferdinand Ries; the Symphony in E flat major, by Mozart;

"Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt," by Mendelssohn; and Beethoven's Symphony in C minor. 'Die Räuberbraut' was produced at the Royal Op. House here, in 1831, under the personal superintendence of the composer, and with Mad. Schröder-Devrient as the heroine. The music was much admired, but the opera could not maintain itself in the repertory on account of the badness of the libretto.—At the Fifth concert of Carlberg's Orchestral Union, one of the pieces selected for performance was Rbt. Schumann's Symphony in D minor, which is now seldom heard, and is the composer's fourth and last. It was pretty well received, but created no enthusiasm.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 2, 1864.

Music in Boston.

The past fortnight has not contributed much to the enriching of one's musical experience, except as there may have been some in every audience who were just beginning to make acquaintance with musical works with which most of us have long been familiar. There have been Organ Concerts, as usual, very mixed in character; there has been an Oratorio, time-honored "Messiah," which everybody knows; a couple of Afternoon Orchestral Concerts, with Great Organ for variety and for gratification of the curiosity of new comers—and that is about all in the way of concerts. Indeed the Concert season seems to be drawing to an untimely close. The Orchestral Union will persevere in the good work for some time yet—as long, no doubt, as they shall meet encouragement. Nor can there be any lack of opportunities, all Summer long, for hearing the Great Organ, which only needs wind and an organist (has it not already raised up a goodly number of skilful ones?);—the only question is, how much of real organ music may one hope to hear in all the entertaining exhibitions. For the next fortnight, however, the Music Hall and its Organ will be in the service of the Roman Catholics (a Fair in aid of one of their churches), and music for the musical world as such must for that length of time seek other theatres or remain mute. But we have one good thing in prospect, awaiting its re-opening. Mr. B. J. LANG, as we have already announced, is preparing for a performance with orchestra and chorus of two fine works of Mendelssohn; one the "Walpurgis Night," which he brought out here for the first time with such signal success two years ago; the other the entire music, orchestral and vocal, to the "Midsummer Night's Dream." The time, we believe, is not precisely fixed; Walpurgis Night is the night before the first of May, and suggests Saturday evening, April 30th, for the fit time; on the other hand, the great tricentennial anniversary of Shakespeare's birth falls on the preceding Saturday, (the 23d), and a performance of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music would be one of the pleasantest among the various celebrations of the day. The engagements of the Music Hall will probably decide the question.

We have had the end of another brief season of Italian Opera, Maretzek's company, offering the same things as before, with the single exception of Donizetti's tedious *Polio* (or *I Martiri*), and the debut, in *Lucia*, of a very petite and very young soprano, Miss HARRIS, from New York, who has displayed a good deal of flexible, bird-like vocal agility in ornamental bravura passages

for a high voice without much substance in the middle and lower tones where one looks for expression and dramatic quality. It is one of the recently so common cases, apparently, of an ambition for a lyrical career based on no other capital than a facile voice; but time may develop more. "Faust" has still drawn its crowds, and the poetic truth and beauty of Miss KELLOGG's Margaret does not lose its charm. We hear nothing further of the promised visit of the German Opera troupe of Carl Anschütz; it would be a positive artistic gain to us, could we hear *Fidelio*, *Oberon*, *La Dame Blanche*, the *Wasserträger* by Cherubini, &c., even passably well performed; well enough, at least, to give us some acquaintance with such sterling operas, of which we have remained ignorant, while ceasing to learn aught from endless repetition of the old round of Verdi and Donizetti pieces.

But for a brief review of the two weeks:

THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY had a very large audience for their Easter performance of "The Messiah," and they performed it on the whole effectively. Many of the choruses were so reinforced as to double their volume, weight and grandeur, by the Great Organ, which was managed with remarkable ability and tact by Mr. LANG; its contribution was the more marked and glorious because it was sometimes sparingly used. The profound feeling of "Surely He hath borne our griefs," and the following: "And with His stripes," was particularly well brought out. These are perhaps the least appreciated choruses, but none will more reward attention, none go deeper down into the soul. The orchestra did fairly for the most part, but some of the wind instruments gave distressingly uncertain sounds now and then in "O thou that tellest." The average excellence of the solo singing was another distinguishing feature of the performance. Miss HOUSTON for the first time undertook the entire soprano work and achieved this formidable task in a manner that should give her great encouragement in her very earnest efforts, as it gave pleasure to her audience. A certain nervous anxiety—for evidently she strives before all things to be a pure and noble singer, a worthy interpreter of divine music—is still her chief drawback; but she has rarely mastered it so well. Her delivery of the first recitatives: "There were Shepherds," &c., was beautiful and inspiring; save that too intense and too prolonged a light was thrown upon the word "saying." "Rejoice greatly" was not sung with the force or volume of voice which really the song requires; she chose to execute its florid passages in a subdued, fine *mezza voce* tone, perhaps distrusting herself for such an effort with full voice; but that it was gracefully, evenly, as well as fervently done, no one can deny. "I know that my Redeemer," and the other great strains of the latter part of the Oratorio, were very impressively and indeed artistically rendered. Mrs. CARY's sympathetic, rich and pure contralto was used with good style and expression in the airs that fall to the share of that voice; sometimes, however, its melody was obscured by overpowering accompaniment and only faintly heard. Mr. WHEELER never has exerted his sweet but not very powerful tenor to such good advantage in that Hall. He sang with spirit, and clear ringing tone, as well as with pure method and expression, as he always does. Mr. RUDOLPHSEN, too, made the bass songs very telling, especially: "Why do the Heathen rage?"

The ORCHESTRAL UNION have had two very stormy Wednesdays; but, on the last occasion at least, one was reminded of Handel's "Vell, never moind, de moosick vill sound de petter!" Week before last the programme had for overture and symphony a repetition of the fine Mendelssohnian Concert Overture by Rietz and "Les Preludes" by Liszt; for Organ *entremets*, the "Trumpet" chorus from "Samson" and a Battiste *Offertoire*, with *Vox Humana*, played by W. EUGENE THAYER; for popular afterpieces (orchestral), Beethoven's "Turkish March" and the first finale of *Don Giovanni*.—Last Wednesday's was about the best programme and best concert of the season, peculiarly enjoyed by the handful of not fair-weather visitors.

1. Overture to "Der Heimkehr aus der Fremde" (Return from abroad). Mendelssohn
2. Organ Solo—"Let their celestial concerts all unite." Handel
3. Chorus from "Samson." B. J. Lang.
4. Pastoral Symphony, No. 6. Beethoven
4. Selections from "The Hymn of Praise." Mendelssohn Transcribed for Organ.
5. Invitation a la Valse. Weber
6. Instrumented by Hector Berlioz.
6. Finale from "Tannhäuser." Wagner

All these fine pieces the little orchestra played uncommonly well, and people listened as to newly felt revelations of the genius of the masters and the beauty of instrumental combinations. Mr. LANG, too, was especially happy in the treatment of his organ pieces; the great instrument has never been made more expressive for such subjects. His choice of stops in the Mendelssohn selections came closer to the idea than ever. He prefaced the grand final chorus of "Samson" with the Minuet from the overture, charmingly rendered with soft stops.

The next two Concerts (on account of the Fair at the Music Hall) will be given at the Boston Theatre, at half price for all parts of the house.

It remains only to record the last two Saturday Afternoon Great Organ Concerts. Dr. S. P. TUCKERMAN made a very acceptable Concert, displaying the powers of the instrument with his usual taste and skill in the following pieces:

1. Grand Offertoire in C. Wely
2. "Gratias Agimus." Haydn
3. Andantino. Schumann
4. "Et Incarnatus." Schreider
5. Prelude, in C minor. Hesse
6. Dead March, from "Saul." Handel
7. Pastoral. (A distinguished Organist of Rome, A. D. 1709). Zilpola
8. Kyrie And Sanctus. Palestrina
9. Andante Maestoso. Spohr
10. { A. Aria Cantabile, { for the Vox } Mozart
10. { B. Aria Soave, { Humana Stop } Mendelssohn
11. Fugue, in E major. Bach

Last Saturday Mr. HENRY CARTER occupied the hour with this selection:

1. Toccata, in F. Bach
2. Andante from Symphony in D. Beethoven
3. Introduction, 3rd part Creation. Haydn
4. March, from "Zauberflöte." With Contrapuntal Variations. Mozart
5. Air. Paradies
6. Wedding March. Mendelssohn

We thought him more successful in the rendering of the *Toccata* (though his pedaling has by no means the firmness and clearness of Mr. Paine's), than in the Beethoven *Andante*. The latter dragged behind continually in time, while the even flow and symmetry of its ideas was disturbed by the startling irruption of huge heavy stops sometimes in the very middle of a musical sentence; the choice of stops was frequently too ponderous and clumsy for this serene and spiritual *Andante*. Mr. Carter was more happy in the following pieces, though unsteadiness in time too often mars his playing. The air by Paradies was not the least interesting feature of the programme. Was it by the blind female composer (German) of the last century, of whom a sketch is given in an earlier part of this paper, or by the Venetian pupil of Porpora, Dom Pietro Paradies, who wrote operas and harpsichord sonatas only a few years earlier?

The Improvisatori.

Mr. Story's "Roba di Roma," which has been so long in finding its way to this country, having been published first in England, and which undoubtedly contains the most life-like pictures of Roman life and manners to be found in any book, has given us a pleasant surprise by the following description of a charming little adventure, of which we may vouch for the truthfulness, having been one of the party. Only we, being neither artist nor poet, did not "understand their language" so well as our fellows. We wish our readers may enjoy the description half as much as we do the recollection.

"It is not uncommon for those who like to study Roman manners and humors, and eat truly Roman dishes, to make up a little party and dine at the Palombella, or some other *osteria con cucina* in the Trastevere. There, however, if you would get a taste of the real spirit of the Romans, you should go incognito and take your place at the tables in the common room, and pass if you can for one of them, or at least not for a looker-on or a listener. One other thing also is essential, and that is, that you should understand their language well; and then, if you are lucky, you will be rewarded for your pains by hearing capital songs and improvisations.

One lucky night, I shall never forget, when we made a little party of artists and poets and dined together in a little *osteria* not far from the Piazz Barberini. Peppo, the Neapolitan cook, gave us an excellent dinner, wonderful macaroni and capital wine, and while we ate and drank a guitar and mandoline in the adjoining room made a low accompaniment to our talk. We went in our worst coats and most crumpled hats, tried to attract as little attention as possible, and sat at a table in the corner. The rest of the company was composed solely of working-men, several of whom were cartmen who came in after their hard day's work to take a temperate supper in their shirt-sleeves. Yet even in "best society" you will not find simpler or better manners, at once removed from servility and defiance. They soon saw that we were not one of their class but their behavior to us was perfect—all the staring was done by us. They accepted courteously our offers to drink with them, and offered us of their wine in return. Then they talked and jested and played at Passatello with inimitable good humor, while old Zia Nica, the padrona of the establishment, sat in the middle of the shabby old pot-house, looking with sharp wild eyes out from under a gray fell of tumbled hair—now shrieking out her orders, now exchanging with the new comers keen jokes that flashed like knives, and were received by tumultuous applause. As our dinner drew to a close we had in the mandoline and guitar, and all the opera tunes were played with great cleverness. Was there ever a better mandoline? how it tingled and quivered as it nervously rang out the air, with its stinging vibrations and tense silvery shakes, while the soft woolly throb of the guitar kept up a constant accompaniment below! The old cobwebs on the dusky, soiled, and smoky beams of the ceiling, where the colors of old frescoes were still to be seen, shook to the music, and the flame of the little onion-shaped light before the coarsely-painted engraving of the Madonna seemed to wink in sympathy. Old Zia Nica herself grew excited when a spirited Tarantella was played. She had danced it when young in Naples—"Che bella cosa! and I could dance it now," she cried. "Brava, Zia Nica!—give us a Tarantella," was the cry all around. "Eh! Perche no?" and up she stood and shook her long fell of hair, and laughed a wild laugh, and showed her yellow teeth, and up and down the old *osteria* she shuffled and tramped, ringing up her hands and snapping her fingers, and panting and screaming, till at last with a whoop she fell down into her chair, planted her two hands akimbo on her knees, glared at the company and cried out, "Old Zia Nica's not dead yet. No Signori! The old woman is not so old but that she can dance a Tarantella still—grazie a Dio—no, Signori—i-i-i."

Scarcely was this performance finished when the glass door jingled at the entrance of a little middle-aged fellow who had come across the street for a *fiasco* of wine. He was received with a shout of welcome. "Give us a toast in rhyme," cried one. "Bravo! give us a toast in rhyme," echoed all; and spinning round on his feet with a quick, eager face, and flinging out his hands with nervous gesticulation, he suddenly, in a high voice, poured out a volley of humorous rhymes upon one after another of his friends, then launched a *brindisi* at us, and—hey presto change!—was out of the door in a minute, the sharp bell jingling as he closed it, and a peal of laughter pursuing him. So being in the humor, we called for some improvisation, and the mandoline and guitar began an air and accompaniment in *ottava rima*. After a minute or two, one of the men at the head of the table opposite broke out in a loud voice, and sang, or rather chanted a strophe; and scarcely had the instruments finished the little *ritornello*, when another answered him in a second strophe; to this he responded, and so alternately for some time the improvisation went on without a break. Then suddenly rose from the opposite end a third person, a carter, who poured out two or three strophes without stopping; and after him still another carter broke in. So that we had four persons improvising in alternation. This lasted a full half hour, and during the whole time there was not a pause or hesitation. The language used was uncommonly good, and the ideas were of a character you would little have anticipated from such a company. The theme was art, and love, and poetry, and music, and some of the recitation was original and spirited. Out of Italy could anything like this be seen? But the sound of music and song had reached the ears of the police, and those of their white-barred figures and chapeaux appeared at the door, and despite all our prayers they stopped the improvisation. This broke up the fun, and it was then proposed that we should go to the Colosseum in two carriages with the music. No sooner said than done. Off ran Antonio for the carriages, and in a few minutes we were on our way, through the Corso and down through the forum, the mandoline and guitar playing all the time."

DR. FRANZ LISZT, by last accounts, was still in Rome, where, after finishing his two oratorios, *St. Elizabeth*, and *Christus*, he was working upon a third, the subject of which is taken from the *Legends* of St. Francis of Assisi. Failing to set the world on fire by his huge Symphonies, will he succeed better with his Oratorios? What sort of a monster might a Lisztian oratorio be?—He has also been writing several compositions for the piano forte and organ, and it is said that he will visit Germany in June.

MR. CHORLEY's English libretto of Gounod's "Faust" was found so unsingable by Sims Reeves, Santley, and other principal singers, that they were obliged to procure and sing an entirely new translation of their parts, Faust, Mephistopheles, &c., whereat the *Athenæum*, Chorley's nearest friend, is very wroth.

Beethoven's "Mount of Olives" is to be produced at Rome.

During the present opera season at Naples, Rossini's "William Tell," which, under the Bourbon rule, had hitherto been proscribed, will be produced, with Mirate and Steffanone in the cast. Taglioni is the chief ballet dancer at San Carlo.

Parodies and travesties seem now to be the order of the day abroad. The "Postillon de Lonjumeau," a burlesque, is the rage in Paris; and Duprez, the singer, has started a theatre, called *De Guignol*, in which the actors and actresses, or rather male and female singers, represented bodily by marionettes, are in reality some of the best singers of the day hidden behind the curtain. Duprez and his celebrated wife (Heuvel Duprez), Marimon, Maria Brunetti, &c., are among the number. The principal pieces travestied by them are the "Huguenots," "Giselda," and the "Favorita," and the high circles in and about the *Tuilleries* flock nightly to this novel entertainment.

NEW YORK.—The fourth PHILHARMONIC Concert took place on the 7th of March at the Academy of Music. Orchestral pieces: Symphony No. 3, in E flat, Haydn; "Hymn of Praise," Mendelssohn; Violin Concerto, Beethoven. Vocalists: Mme. Rother, soprano; Mr. Quint, tenor; and the German Liederkrantz. Violin soloist, Mr. Mollenhauer. Conductor, Mr. Eisfeld.

The programme of Messrs. MASON and THOMAS's fifth Soirée included the string Quartet in G (op. 18, No. 2) by Beethoven; Sonata in F minor, for violin and piano, by J. S. Bach; piano Sonata in C minor, op. 111, Beethoven; and Quartet in G, op. 161, by Schubert.—Their sixth and last Soirée offered a string Quartet (C major, No. 6) by Mozart; Sonata, for violin and piano (D minor, op. 121), Schumann; Quartet (A minor, op. 132), Beethoven.

Mr. J. N. PATTISON, the pianist, who returned during the year past from Germany, has given another concert, and with more success than before. He played a Prelude and Fugue by Bach; and a Concerto in F minor, with orchestra, by Henselt, of which the *Evening Post* says:

A work which is a great favorite of Liszt's. In his performance of this elaborate work Mr. Pattison has gone a great way towards the very first rank as a pianist, and may be heartily congratulated on his eminent success. In execution and sentiment this pianoforte performance was in every way admirable, and quite eclipsed the lighter composition—the fantasia from "Martha"—also on the programme.

The testimonial concert to Mr. HARRISON, the proprietor of Irving Hall, was successful and contained interesting matter. Mr. Mills played two movements of Chopin's Concerto in E minor, Bergmann conducting the orchestra, as he did also in the "Tell" overture. The orchestra also played the Introduction to *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* and Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas* overture, Theodore Thomas conducting. Mr. Bruno Wollenhaupt played a violin solo by Ernst; and Medori, Mazzoleni, and members of the Liederkrantz, Arion, &c., sang.

An Association called "The Musical Mutual Protective Union" has been formed in New York, for "the cultivation of the art of music in all its branches and the promotion of good feeling and friendly intercourse among the members of the profession, and the relief of such of their members as shall be unfortunate, so far as their means will permit." It is also their intention to erect a Concert Hall worthy of the metropolis, and an act of Incorporation giving them the privilege of holding real estate to the value of \$300,000, is now before the New York Legislature. The incorporators are Henry D. Beissenherz, David L. Downing, John G. Schneider, Francis Xavier Diller, Kenrv Gortelmeyer, Jacob Rebhun, George Schneider, Claudio S. Grafulla, David Graham, Ernst Crill, John Senia, George Gipner, Henry Wannemacher, David Schaad, Harvey B. Dodworth, Carl Bergmann, Carl Anschütz, George H. Wallace, Theodore Eisfeld, Emil Muzio, Thomas Baker, J. P. Cooke, Edward Mollenhauer and Louis Schreiber.

CHICAGO.—A very successful concert was given on the 4th of last month by Miss FREDERICA MAGNUSSON, of which the *Tribune* of that city says:

In this concert, Mr. Lyman W. Wheeler, and Mr. A. C. Ryder, both gentlemen from Boston, made their first appearance before a Chicago audience. Mr. Wheeler is a tenor whom we are ready to pronounce equal to any that has ever appeared in this city. His voice is one of exquisite sweetness and purity, clear, sympathetic, mellow, and managed with excellent judgment and artistic skill. He at once won the warmest admiration of the audience and received a rapturous encore, in each of the parts in which he appeared. Mr. Ryder is a basso of wonderful power. His voice is really ponderous, while at the same time it has a range not less than that of Formes. It is remarkably great in its upper tones, at the same time clear and vibrating in the very lowest. The same evidences of satisfaction which greeted Mr. Wheeler, were bestowed upon Mr. Ryder. Miss Magnusson astonished even her own friends, in the remarkable artis-

tic powers which she displayed. Her execution is almost faultless, while her voice possesses a magnetism that captured the good will and hearty applause of the audience from the start.

Manager Grau produced "Faust" at Cincinnati, a few weeks since, with this cast: *Faust*, Tamaro; *Margherita*, Vera-Lorini; *Siebel*, Mme. Patti-Strakosch; *Mephistopheles*, Morelli; *Valentine*, Barili; *Wagner*, Coletti; *Martha*, Mme. Fischer.

Mme. Whiting-Lorini has joined Grau's company, having recently returned to New York from Havana, together with Guerrabella, Adelaide Philipps, Susini and other distinguished artists.

PHILADELPHIA.—The last Germania Rehearsal was of a religious character, in consideration of its being Holy Week. This was the programme:

1. Overture—Joseph Mehul.
2. Female Chorus from Second Act Lohengrin R. Wagner.
3. Air from Stabat Mater. Rosini.
4. Marche Funebre. Beethoven.
5. First Part of the Hymn of Praise Mendelssohn.

THE WORCESTER ORGAN. The *Spy* says:

The committee on subscriptions have met more than one instance where subscribers to the organ fund have asked the privilege of paying more than they promised. We do not hear that the favor has been refused. Nor should it be. So great an instrument will involve expenses beyond what the most careful foresight can anticipate, while the known charges are yet all provided for. One instance of public spirit we cannot pass in silence. It is well known here, although never mentioned publicly, that Hon. Stephen Salisbury subscribed one thousand dollars originally. The friends of the movement considered its success certain from that moment. He has, however, now doubled it, and has paid the generous sum of two THOUSAND DOLLARS. All thanks to such a public benefactor! His name henceforth must be one of those indissolubly associated with this grand work which he has done so much to secure for this community.

One of the dodges by which London music-publishers manufacture a market for their new songs is this: they pay distinguished singers for singing them wherever they appear in concerts, and fill the advertising columns of the newspapers with such announcements as these:

"Madame Esther Meckenoff will sing Herr Gander's popular song, 'Low, cowie, low,' at Newtown-limavady, on the 26th instant, at Knickbollageen on the 27th, and at Gimmouche Town near Belfast, on the 28th."

"Miss Claretta Scene will sing the new song, written expressly for her by Mr. Alexander Scott Presbyter, called 'Wille o' the weep,' at Aberdeen on Monday, at Wick on Tuesday, at Thurso on Wednesday, at Stromness (the Orkneys) on Thursday, and, weather permitting her journey southwards, at the Glasgow Salt Market Festival on Saturday."

"Madame Smiles Dribble begs to announce that she is engaged to sing Mr. Murray's highly popular and invariably encored ballad, 'She moves among the poultry,' at Basingstoke on the 11th, at Winchester on the 13th at Southampton on the 15th, and at the Music Hall, Store Street, London, on the 29th."

"Signor Beccafico will sing Herr Sloman's Canzonetta, 'Sulla Porca,' at the first concert of the Pembroke Choral Society, on Monday week."

The London *Musical World* declares that English organ builders have such a mania for under-bidding each other that cheapness is now the main quality demanded in an organ; and consequently English organs are now very big and very bad, and constantly deteriorating.

The London *Musical World* says of Mr. Stephen C. Foster: "His loss will be equally lamented in England, where his songs were more successful than those of any composer during the last ten years."

Otto Lindblad, the Swedish composer, whose songs were frequently sung by Jenny Lind, has lately died in his forty-fourth year.

The Faculty of Philosophy of the University of Jena have conferred upon Hans von Bülow, the pianist, (Liszt's son-in-law), the diploma of Doctor *honoris causa*—an honor which had been previously conferred upon Meyerbeer and Schumann.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Oriole. (Petit Oiseau). Jules Deneffe. 25

A superlatively neat little French song, which in the original would fit prettily to the lips of Mademoiselle, and is now furnished with English as well as the other words, and addressed to the flashing Oriole.

Keep one kind thought for me. F. Hoffmann. 25

It may be objected to songs like this, that there is nothing in them out of the common style of well constructed vocal compositions. But those who try it will find that it is no easy thing to make a good song in the common style. This is emphatically a good song.

Vermont Volunteers. Quartet. Rev. Wm. Ford. 25

A vigorous poem, set to appropriate music, in praise of our brave Green Mountain Boys, who are so gallantly winning name and fame on the nation's battle fields.

Dublin Bay. Ballad. Geo. Barker. 25

A pretty song, with an unusually sweet melody, and instinct with Irish poetic feeling.

We shall be known above. J. G. Clark. 25

A kind of chrysalis like song, describing how our spirits "moan and groan," and the "river of life" flows "under the ice," but one will be freed by the warm spring sun, and the others rise where "we shall be known above." Original and pleasing.

I live for those who love me. J. G. Clark. 30

In good style and pleasing.

Maraquita! while those glances. (Maraquita, de tus ojos). Song or Duet. Laborde Bussoni. 35

A very taking little gem of a song, and easy. Both Spanish and English words are given. The duet part is very pretty.

Mount, boys mount. Song and Chorus.

C. T. Hammond. 25

A stirring cavalry song, by a member of the corps. It has the merry ring of the bugle in it, and will please the boys who intend to give Uncle Abe a fine residence in Richmond, and "a yacht in Charleston harbor."

Instrumental Music.

Offertoire No. 4, op. 35. Lefebvre Wely. 1.00

One of the great organ pieces. It is quite popular, and has a lithographic view of the mammoth instrument on the title page.

Potpourri from Faust. 4 hands. H. Cramer. 1.00

A very brilliant compilation, and complete, containing ten airs from the opera, with connecting music. A grand piece for seminary exhibitions.

Warblings at Noon. Romance. B. Richards. 40

A fine composition, in the same general style as the Warblings at "Eve," "Morn," and "Dawn."

Drummer Boy's March. S. Winner. 25

A pretty, useful piece, which has the recommendation of being very easy, and good for learners.

Books.

OSSIAN'S HARP. By O. E. Dodge. 25

This book contains the songs brought out in the concerts of the great funny man, among them the super-laughable "Thanksgiving" song.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

